

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, June 23, 1804.

[No. 90]

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from page 290.)

MRS. WARREN, in fact, possessed but the affectation of feeling, nor was her sensibility ever so lively as when herself was concerned; and an habitual weakness of constitution made her think lightly of the sufferings of others. Her mind was vacant, her manners childish; and the early indulgence of a fond husband gave rise to caprices ridiculous and wearisome. If a door shut unusually loud, an hysteric-fit ensued: if the wind shook the casement, palpitations and tremors were the consequence; if her child cried in her hearing, she was sure to have a nervous head-ach the whole day: and the barking of a dog, or firing a gun, was sure to cause her to faint away. Warren was the slave of her whims; but his understanding condemned what his good-nature yielded to prejudice. By early prepossession, he saw not her faults, till he, by indulgence, increased them, and then it was too late to retract; though he was astonished to find gentleness changed to imbecility, smiling affection to childish caresses, and artless gaiety to absurdity and caprice. Her household was neglected, her child slighted, her husband the repository of her peevish complaints, or ridiculous

confidence; for trifles alone occupied her notice, and momentary diversions her only care; and Warren with pain perceived that in Louisa simplicity was nearly allied to folly. Eliza, though not fearful of her own heart, mixed little with the family, and studiously avoided any interview with Warren. She could not but perceive the failings of his wife, and wondered that such a man as Warren could have been so mistaken in his choice. One day, when Howard was almost restored to perfect health, Eliza occupied herself in writing to some of her correspondents, particularly an answer to a very amusing letter written by Emma, whose epistles were strewed on the table before her, while little Louisa was endeavoring to decypher the characters on the covers. While she was writing Warren entered: she would have removed the papers, but he begged her to continue her employment, as he had a newspaper to read; adding, "Mr. Howard has promised to try a little walk with me before dinner. I hope he will find benefit from it; and, indeed, Eliza, I think you injure your own health by your close attendance. But how are all our friends in town? I have not heard from my sister lately. She once was a punctual correspondent; but marriage alters some people strangely: do not you think so, Mrs. Howard?" He sighed: Eliza smiled. "I have just had a letter from Emma Herbert: she speaks of Mrs. Villars in several places; there is nothing else material: you may

read it." Warren took Louisa on his knee, and drew his chair closer to the table, at the same time extending his hand for the letter, which she gave him. Without opening the inclosure, he began to read. Eliza expected some comment, and raised her eyes to his face: it was red as scarlet: his hand trembled, and his eye was fixed on the carpet with a look of deep thought. Wondering what could occasion such evident perturbation, Mrs. Howard was about to speak, when the door opened, and her husband entered. She rose to give him a seat; and now the confusion of Warren became more obvious. Howard did not want penetration, and readily perceived that something had disordered him. Advancing, he said, "May I ask what discomposes your countenance thus, Mr. Warren? I hope my entrance has not been unseasonable." Again Warren colored, but spoke not, and began folding the letter with much seeming assiduity. "Oh," said Eliza, slightly, "some badinage of Mrs. Herbert, I imagine: It is her last letter: but really I do not recollect. Take it, Howard, and see if you can find the cause of our friend's embarrassment." Howard had only spoken in jest, and now offered to take the letter, which Warren crumpled in his hand. "Madam,—Mrs. Howard!" said he falteringly, permit me to burn this letter. A mistake, I am sure; it was not intended for my eye. Mr. Howard, you must not—"Must not, Sir!" repeated Howard

steadily, regarding him while with trepidation he thrust the letter between the bars; but the fire was dead, and did not consume it; and Eliza, with much presence of mind, snatched it from the grate, astonished at a scene she could in no way account for, till glancing her eye over it, she perceived that she had given him the letter in which Emma remonstrated with her on her encouraging a hopeless passion for Warren. It was now her turn to be confused. "I did not—Indeed, I did not intend that letter for you, Sir.—It is mere idle nonsense. Louisa has mixed my letters, and occasioned this strange mistake. But, Sir," added she, with her accustomed dignity, "I have no wish to conceal it from Mr. Howard." But the paleness of her lips as she spoke, showed it to be a painful effort. She held the letter open towards him; he took it deliberately, looked in her face, pressed her hand as he received it, and smiling said, "Neither, my love, have I any desire to pry into the secrets of your female correspondents. The signature of Emma Villars assures me there is a love secret: the lady is now married; and the secret is out. You should be more careful of the confidence reposed in you. Here, let us put a stop to further accidents." Saying this, he composedly thrust it into the midst of the flames; while Eliza felt relieved from a weight of anxiety, and grateful for his moderation, which had given so favorable a turn to suspicious appearances.

The perfectly re-instated health of Mr. Howard now induced them to hasten their departure. Nor did Mrs. Warren feel any concern at their declared intention of quitting the hospitable rectory. She had suffered the stings of envy to enter her bosom, and beheld Mrs. Howard with a jealous eye, though vanity whispered her own personal triumph. Whatever were the feelings of Warren, he appeared perfectly indifferent to the event. Little Louisa alone expressed poignant concern at the idea of separation; she fondly hung on Eliza's neck; she could just lisp her name, and a few casual words, among which "Going away" was now the principal; and she seemed fully to comprehend the meaning of the sentence. Eliza beheld the child with admiration: she possessed all her mother's delicate beauty, with her father's exquisite expression of feature, and with feelings almost maternal. Mrs. Howard clasped her to her bosom

at parting, and with delight anticipated the hour when she too would become a mother; an hour not far distant from her fond hopes; for within a few months after her return to Devonshire, she gave birth to a lovely female infant, who was named Emma. In the sweet endearments of conjugal and maternal affections, two years passed away. Eliza knew not a wish beyond her home; and if her thoughts even wandered to the rectory, it was but with the purest recollection of idea, and the philanthropic effusion of friendship. Her daughter grew like her in person and manner; and Howard knew no delight beyond the society of his amiable wife and beloved child. But an affecting incident soon occasioned them a temporary interruption of their momentary tranquillity. Late one winter's evening a chaise stopped at their gate, from which alighted Warren, who led his daughter by the hand into the house, and requested to see Mr. Howard. Surprised at this unseasonable visit, Howard hastened to meet him. His looks were wild, his accents tremulous, when catching the extended hand of Howard, he exclaimed, "Pardon, dear Sir, this intrusion; the anxiety of a father is my only excuse. Behold this innocent child deserted by an unfeeling mother. I would place in you an important trust. Oh, be a guardian to my girl, and I will bless you." Mr. Howard heard him with astonishment, and used every argument to quiet his perturbation of mind; then cautiously enquired the particulars of the extraordinary affair to which Warren alluded. He clasped his hands in agitation, and a tear of agony trembled in his eye. "Mr. Howard," said he, "pity and bear with my sorrows. I once loved my wife fervently, ardently: her beauty won on my senses; and the wishes of my family were sanctioned by my own inclinations but I too soon perceived I had wedded a form without a mind. I buried my regrets in my own bosom, and sought to improve what it was too late to perfect: but cold indifference damped my ardor, and I relinquished an unprofitable pursuit. Your recent visit opened a new train of perplexities: Mrs. Warren gave way to the most unjustifiable jealousy, which every effort of mine served but to augment. I took her to London: there she yielded to a degree of gaiety, of which I had never before perceived a symptom. I cannot dwell on the particulars. She formed an acquaintance without my knowledge,

which led to a connection the most dishonorable. I remonstrated before I knew the extent of her fault: I prepared for our return; but my wife fled from my protection with her seducer, and abandoned this helpless infant. This step has destroyed my love, my confidence for ever. But she shall not live in infamy: I will, if possible, bring her to a sense of shame for her misconduct. She is still my wife, and I cannot abandon her to infamy, without one effort to reclaim, to save her. She has flown to the continent with the villain who betrayed her: I will pursue her; and my heart will be at comparative ease, if you will suffer me to leave my child under your protection, if you will accept the legal office of guardian during my absence; for where could I consign her with such advantage to herself, as to the care of your excellent wife? Oh! Howard, you possess the estimable treasure of a virtuous enlightened woman." Mrs. Howard just then entered, and her husband repeated the heads of their discourse. Eliza took the child in her arms, who, terrified at the strange scene, sobbed aloud. "Yes, love, I will be a mother to thee," sighed she, as she kissed her burning cheeks: "you shall be the dearly loved companion of my Emma. Then fearing her enthusiasm might be misconstrued, she turned to Mr. Howard, saying, "Shall we not adopt this innocent, Mr. Howard? Ah, I see by that smile, you do not disapprove;" and she hastened with Louisa to the nursery, where she left her, and returned to prepare some refreshment for Warren. Howard was not unmindful of the debt of gratitude, or the rites of hospitality; and Warren departed from his house much more tranquil than he had entered it; though no persuasions could induce him to stop the night at Howard Lodge. He promised to write soon, and left them, while their best wishes followed him. As he pursued his solitary journey, a variety of painful reflections occupied his thoughts. He beheld in Mrs. Howard all those virtues he had once reckoned upon possessing in another: he recollected her early attachment to him, and lamented the prejudice which had led him to repay her lively friendship with cool indifference: but a self-approving sensation cheered his soul, that he had never deviated from the strictest integrity in his conduct towards her, or acted contrary to his established principles of honor.

(To be continued.)

From a London Paper.

CHARACTER OF A BEAU.

THE beau is one that has more learning in his heels than in his head, which is better covered than filled.—His tailor and his barber are his cabinet council, to whom he is more beholden for what he is than to his Maker. He is one that has travelled to see fashions, and brought over with him the newest cut suit, and the prettiest fancied ribands for sword knots. His best acquaintance at Paris was his dancing-master, whom he calls the marquis, and his chief visits, to the opera. He has seen the French Consul once, & knows the name of his chief minister, and is by this sufficiently convinced, that there are no politicians in any other part of the world. His improvements are a nice skill in the mode, and a high contempt of his own country, and of sense. All the knowledge he has of the country, or manners of it, is in the keeping of the valet that followed him thither; and all that he retains of the language is a few modish words to lard his discourse with, and show his breeding, and the names of his garniture. He should be a philosopher, for he studies nothing but himself, yet every one knows him better that thinks him not worth knowing. His looks and gestures are his constant lesson, and his glass is the oracle that resolves all his mighty doubts and scruples; he examines and refreshes his complexion by it and is more dejected at a pimple than if it were a cancer. When his eyes are set to a languishing air, his motions all prepared according to art, his wig and coat abundantly powdered, his gloves essenced, and his handkerchief perfumed, and all the rest of his bravery right adjusted, the greater part of the day, as well as the business of it at home, is over; it is time to launch, and down he comes, scented like a perfumer's shop, and looks like a vessel with all her rigging under sail without ballast. A chair is brought, within the door, for he apprehends every breath of air as much as if it were a hurricane. His first visit is to the chocolate-house, and after a quarter of an hour's compliment to himself in a great glass, he faces about and salutes the company, and puts in practice his morning's meditations: when he has made his cringes round, and played over all his tricks out comes the fine snuff (snuff) box, and his nose is regaled a

while. After this he begins to open, and start some learned argument about the newest fashions, and hence takes occasion to commend the next man's fancy in his clothes; this ushers in a discourse of the appearance last birth night, or ball at court, and so a critique upon this Lord or that Lady's masking habits. From hence he adjourns to a play-house, where he is to be met again in the side box, from whence he makes his court to all the ladies, in general with his eyes, and is particular only with the orange wench. After a while he engages some neighboring vizor (mask) and together they run over all the boxes, take to pieces every face, examine every feature, pass their censure upon every one and so on to their dress; here he very judiciously gives his opinion upon every particular, and determines whose colors are well chosen, whose fancy is neatest, and whose clothes sit with most air, but in conclusion sees nobody complete but himself, in the whole house. After this he looks down with contempt upon the pit, and rallies all the slovenly fellows and awkward beaus (as he calls them) of tother end of the town, is mightily offended at their ill scented snuff, and in spite of all his pulvilio and essences is overcome with the stink of their Cordovan gloves.

His next stage is Locket's, where his vanity, not his stomach, is to be gratified with something little and dear. Quails and ortolans are the meanest of his diet, and a spoonful of green peas at Christmas are worth to him more than the inheritance of the field where they grow in summer. Every thing falls in his esteem as it falls in price, and he would not so much as taste the wine, if the hard name and the high rate did not give it a relish. After a glass or two (for a pint is his stint) he begins to talk of his intrigues, boasts much of the favors he has received, shows counterfeit tokens, and in conclusion slanders some lady or other, of unquestioned virtue, with a particular fondness for him. His amours, are all profound secrets, yet he makes a confidence of them to every man he meets with. He pretends a great reverence for the ladies, and a mighty tenderness for their reputations; yet he is like a *fresh-fly*, whatever he blows on is tainted. He and his footman in this case are like the English and Dutch at an ordinary in Holland—the fare is the same, but the

price is vastly different. Thus the show goes forward, till he is beaten for trespasses he was never guilty of and shall be damned for sins he never committed. At last with his credit as low as his fortune, he retires sullenly to his cloister, the King's Bench, or Fleet, and passes the rest of his days in privacy and contemplation."

On the Duty incumbent upon persons in elevated Situations, placing Authority in the Hands of those who would not be likely to oppress.

POWER, when placed in the hands of weak or wicked persons, is attended with evil consequences, which every feeling mind must deplore: therefore, those by whom any kind of authority is delegated, ought to be completely acquainted with the character of those in whom it is reposed. How many individuals are rendered wretched by the oppressive conduct of stewards, who to amass a fortune for themselves, drain it from the honest industry of the poor; or from that class of people, who, at a former period, were enabled to save a little property for a rising family; but who now can scarcely save sufficient to pay the exorbitant demand of rent!

Previous to the prevailing fashion of crowding to different watering-places the owner of extensive property spent the summer at his country estate; and all his little tenantry were considered as his children, and were at once objects of benevolence, solicitude, and care. But modern refinement has destroyed this patriarchal kind of conduct; the rich man no longer feels anxious to promote the welfare of the poor; an interested domestic fills the place of a disinterested benefactor; and oppression is the consequence of this unfortunate change!

Those who enjoy the blessing of a large fortune, seldom reflect upon the trust which is reposed; or recollect that riches were not given for individual happiness, but for the purpose of dispensing comforts to the poor! How refined a gratification must a man of property experience, whose benevolence is felt throughout the extent of his domain! and who, instead of delegating his concerns to the management of a mercenary, dispenses comfort to the sons of affliction and pain! Powerful must be those

arguments which can destroy the effect of fashion; and persuasive those admonitions, which can resist the potency of its charm. I shall, therefore, beg leave to close my observations with an historical anecdote, which does not appear entirely inapplicable to my discourse.

A YOUNG KING OF PERSIA
TAUGHT WISDOM BY
A SHEPHERD.

BEHRAM, son of a Persian monarch, succeeded to the throne of his father at a very early period of life; and, instead of consulting the happiness of his subjects, devoted all his time to pleasurable pursuits. The Vizer, to whose care the administration of public affairs was intrusted, shamefully abused the confidence which was reposed; for conceiving he should never be called upon to give an account of his conduct, the public money was lavished, and the people cruelly abused. The officers who were under him, influenced by such example, and fearless of punishment, committed the greatest crimes: the troops were ill paid; the administration of justice was unattended to; and at length his subjects began to revolt. The king, alarmed at the idea of the disaffection of his people began to feel apprehensive for the loss of his crown; and determining, if possible, to prevent the threatening evil, desired to be made acquainted with the cause of their complaints. This appeal to their grievances, on the part of the sovereign, induced his counsellors to describe the oppressions which the people had endured; but fearful of exciting the resentment of the Vizer, they had not courage to tell their prince that he had been the cause. One day, when the king was walking without the pageantry of royalty, and reflecting upon the likeliest method of redressing his people's griefs, he perceived a shepherd, at a short distance, in the act of hanging his dog upon a tree.

"What has that poor animal been guilty of," enquired the Persian monarch, whose heart was really tender and humane, "to deserve the fate which seems to await him?" He has abused the confidence I reposed in him, (replied the shepherd;) and for that act you must allow that he merits death. I bred him up from a puppy, and have always treated him with the greatest kindness; and all the return I expected from him,

was, that he would defend my flock from the wolves; but he has basely formed a league with the intruders, and, instead of becoming a guardian to the defenceless, he has become a sharer in the spoil; and now justly suffers for the crimes he has committed. But I have always heard that the misfortunes of the multitude will fall upon the head of those by whom they have been oppressed."

These words instantly struck the youthful Monarch; and he was convinced he had erred in submitting his government to the Vizer's power. He instantly examined more closely into the grievances of his subjects; and the consequence was, that the Vizer was condemned to share the fate of the shepherd's dog.

COQUETS.

THE snares which a young man has to dread from Coquets are innumerable, and I advise my readers to flee that class of females like the plague. These reprobates are uncommon adepts in the art of dissimulation, of lying with the greatest impudence, and affecting the most amiable sentiments to gratify their vanity, sensuality, vengeance or any other passion. It is extremely difficult to discover whether a Coquet loves you really on your own account. Even the most unequivocal instances of disinterestedness are no certain proofs that an abandoned woman loves you sincerely. She rejects, perhaps, your silver, to obtain the easier possession of yourself and your gold; or her temper renders her more eager to gratify her sensuality, than to satisfy her thirst for lucre.—Should she have resisted many temptations to impose upon you with safety; displayed a tender care for your fame and honor; should she not only never attempt prevailing upon you to break off other more natural and honorable connections, but readily sacrifice to you beauty, youth, gain, splendor and vanity; this would prove nothing else but, that even a Coquet, at times, may possess some good and amiable qualities; and prudence would nevertheless demand you to be on your guard, and not to trust her too implicitly. A woman who disregards chastity and modesty, the first and most sacred of all female virtues, cannot possibly have any regard for more delicate duties. I

do not, however, mean to degrade all unhappy, fallen, and seduced females, to the contemptible class of Coquets and Prostitutes. True love can frequently call an erring heart to virtue. It has often been maintained, that a woman, who knows the danger from experience, is more difficult to be seduced than another who has never been led into temptation. However this kind of deviation renders sincere amendment at all times very precarious: and no situation is more humiliating and distressing for a sensible man, than to see the person dear to his heart despised by others, and to have reason to blush at the bonds which are sacred to him, and constitute the happiness of his life! As for the rest, pure and virtuous love is the best guardian of our innocence; and the conversation with chaste and accomplished women purifies the juvenile sense for virtue, and arms the heart of a young man against all studied and lustful artifices of seducing females.

MODERN INNOVATIONS.

"We think our Father's fools, so wise we grow;
"No doubt our wiser Sons will think us so?"

THE progress of Innovation, within these few years has been exceedingly alarming to the rational part of society: but as many may have overlooked what we are unfashionable enough to denominate absurdities we shall arrange a few of the most notorious, and calmly leave it to the observer to ascertain which were the wiser people—our Fathers, or their Progeny?

Our Fathers thought, that, when they were blessed with strong and good eyes, the best way of thanking Heaven was, by using them for all the direct purposes of sight.

Their Progeny think, that good eyes are a vulgar acquisition; and so far are they from considering them as an advantage, that they take every possible method to show their contempt for such enviable gifts, by using optical glasses to dim a clear vision; and take away from the honest enjoyment of Nature, to aid, by a needless instrument, the insolence of their disposition.

Our Fathers imagined, that going to

bed at sun-set, and getting up at sun-rise, was acting agreeable to the palpable ordinances of Nature; and they were emboldened in this measure by becoming strong in consequence of the practice.

Their Progeny believe that the day is a bore, and night the only time for enjoyment. They go to bed at sun-rise, and get up at sun-set: they take their breakfast in the evening, dine at midnight, and sup regaled with the music of Chanticleer, though they are plagued in the pursuit by becoming weaker in consequence of the practice.

Our Fathers married for love, and were silly enough to think their wives their comfort.

Their Progeny marry for money, and think the sooner their wives are dead the better.

Our Fathers went to a theatrical performance to be pleased; to see the play, and to behave respectfully to the audience.

Their Progeny go to a theatrical performance to displease; to confound the actors, and insult every thing that is modest and worthy around them.

SINGULAR CUSTOM, OBSERVED IN DEVONSHIRE, ENGLAND.

THE southern part of Devonshire is remarkable for its cyder. In order to ensure a good fruit harvest, the following custom is generally kept up in that quarter. On the eve of the Epiphany, the farmer attended by his workmen with a large pitcher of cyder, goes to the orchard, and then encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast three several times:

Here's to thee old apple tree;
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st
blow!
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full!
And my pockets full too
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

This done, they return to the house, the doors of which they are sure to find bolted by the females, who, be the wea-

ther what it may, are inexorable to all entreaties to open them, till some one among them has guessed upon what is on the spit, which is generally some nice little thing difficult to be hit on, and is the reward of him who first names it. The doors are then thrown open, and the lucky clodpole receives the tidbit as his recompense. Some are so superstitious as to believe, that if they neglect this custom, the trees will bear no apples that year.

DIVORCE.

A MAN, who had married a girl of great beauty, was, notwithstanding, continually quarrelling with her; and although the relations and friends of the parties had done all in their power to make a reconciliation, their efforts had proved ineffectual, the husband insisted on being divorced, and, at length had her before the ecclesiastical court. The officer, seeing her beauty, was soon convinced it was not, on that score, he quarrelled with her. Is she not of good family? Is she not rich enough? Is not she learned enough?—I do not complain of any deficiency in these qualifications; but still, I contend, that I will be divorced from her.—But, said the officer, if you expect that I should divorce you, you must give me a better reason. The husband then lifting up his foot, said to the officer, is not this a good shoe, Sir?—Yes, answered he, seeing it was quite new. Is it not well made?—Very well.—Is it not good leather?—I think it is.—Notwithstanding this, added the husband, I will not wear them, but buy another pair; for they pinch my feet, though you see no fault in them.

ADVANTAGE OF ALWAYS TELLING THE TRUTH.

A PRINCE, being one day in a maritime town, went to see the galleys. Immediately, on going on board one of them, a slave threw himself at his feet: Sire, said he, "pity my present condition and relieve me from the greatest distress. For what crime were you put in here?" said the prince. I am perfectly innocent, answered the slave, but some of my enemies swore falsely against me, and caused my confinement.

Another came to him with a similar petition: And what is your crime? asked the prince: I never did any thing wrong in my life, but my friends, wishing to enjoy my property, found means to confine me here, by alledging crimes against me. Several others in like manner, petitioned the prince, and all protesting their innocence. He was however, presently struck with the appearance of one among the prisoners, who appeared with unusual gaiety and cheerfulness, and wholly regardless of his situation: And for what are you here? said the prince to him. I have, said the man, been guilty of very great crimes, and think my country has been very lenient to me in not requiring the forfeit of my life. The prince immediately called the captain of the galley, and said to him: Discharge that wicked dog; for, if he remains here much longer, he will infallibly corrupt all these honest people.

IMPORTUNATE CREDITOR.

A *Bon vivant*, and friend of the muses, who was reduced to extreme distress, and who knew the good character of Alphonso, King of Naples, who was fond of a joke, found one day a good opportunity of speaking to that prince: Sire, I apply to you in behalf of a famished creditor, to whom my father owed something, but who left me nothing to pay it with; I often discharged the debt, yet this importunate creditor still demands it of me, and reminds me every day. If you do not assist me I know not what to do. This, said the king, must be a very unreasonable creditor: who is it? It is my belly, Sire, answered the poor author. I have so often paid him his debt, that I am unprovided with any farther means of doing it and humbly beg your majesty to assist me. I have a like creditor replied the king. It is true, Sire, added the unfortunate man; but you have wherewithal to pay; I have nothing. The king was entertained with the man's humor, and relieved him.

At the Review of the Prince of Wales' Volunteers lately in the Park, commanded by M. P. Andrews, Esq. a person asked which was the Colonel: a wag replied, "that gentleman in the middle with two *Epilogues* upon his shoulders."

CAUTION TO THE FAIR SEX
AGAINST THE ARTS OF
SEDUCTION.

IN THE SHERIFF'S COURT.
APRIL 17, 1802.

BARKIFF v. HOLLAMBY.

THIS was an action upon the case for seducing the plaintiff's daughter. The plaintiff, Mrs. Theodosia Barriff, was the widow of an officer who had served with considerable reputation and bravery during the American war. At the end of the dispute, he came over to this country (Eng.) with his wife, the present plaintiff, who was the daughter of a distinguished American loyalist. They took a house in the neighborhood of Blackheath; where they lived for several years upon an annuity for their joint lives of 400l.

Mr. Barriff died about six years ago, leaving his wife and a daughter, then eleven years of age. Miss Maria Barriff was a young lady extremely well educated, and accomplished. It happened, about two years and a half ago, that she went to Ascot Heath races, where they accidentally met the defendant, who was introduced to them as the acquaintance of the friend at whose house they resided during their excursion.

The defendant paid very particular attention to Miss Barriff; and professed himself a candidate for the honor of her hand in marriage. Soon after her return home with her mother, she was visited by the defendant, who declared his intention in form; and, as Mrs. Barriff, upon enquiry, found his connections were respectable, and his prospects flattering, she gave her consent to his addressing her daughter as her future husband. The courtship continued still last summer, when the day for the celebration of the nuptials was appointed. No suspicion whatever of any dishonorable design on the part of the defendant was entertained; consequently it was not thought necessary to impose any restraint with regard to the intercourse of the young couple, who were to be so soon united. They frequently went to assemblies, and different public places; sometimes alone, and sometimes with their mutual friends.

In the month of July last, a few months before the marriage was to have taken place, Mr. Hollamby invited Miss Barriff and her mother to accompany him with a party to Vauxhall. Mrs. Barriff excused herself on account of indisposition; but suffered her daughter to go with him.

The remainder of the case was detailed by Miss Barriff, who twice fainted during the recital. She said she accompanied the defendant in a coach as far as Westminster Bridge; where they took water, and proceeded to Vauxhall. When they had been some time in the gardens, they joined the defendant's party, consisting of several ladies and gentlemen, none of whom the witness knew. They engaged a box; and, about a eleven o'clock, sat down to supper. There were several sorts of wine upon the table, of which the defendant pressed her to partake. In the course of the evening several of the company became much elevated, and drank her health as Mrs. Hollamby. Her own spirits were raised by the compliment, and she was persuaded to drink a glass of champagne. She found herself afterwards indisposed, and signified her wish to return. The defendant and herself quitted the gardens and he handed her into a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Blackheath. She grew worse, and became totally insensible. When she recovered herself, she perceived that she was in a bed-chamber, with the defendant near her. She was conscious of her situation, and of the outrage she had sustained. She swooned, and was a long time before she recovered. When she came to herself, the defendant endeavored to appease her; but she insisted on returning home. The defendant told her that it was impossible they could return till the morning; that her mother would not expect her; and that her marriage would take place on the day appointed. She consented to remain, on condition that he quitted the room.—He did so; and she threw herself on the bed, in a state of distraction and despair.

The next morning she returned to her mother, and related all that had passed. It appeared, that the house she had been in had been hired and furnished by the defendant. He never afterwards came near her mother's house; but, on the contrary, paid his

addresses to a lady of fortune in London. Mrs. Barriff waited on the father of this lady, and apprised him of the defendant's dishonorable conduct; in consequence of which he forbade his visits to his daughter. The plaintiff then brought the present action; and, after a full hearing of all the circumstances, the jury, to the great satisfaction of the most crowded court, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with 1000l. damages.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 28, 1804.

The office of the VISITOR is removed to No. 102, Water-street, opposite the CHRONICLE office.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 24 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 5—dropsical affection 1—injuries received from the capstan bar of a vessel 1—convulsions 1—dropsy 2—apoplectic fit 1—nervous fever 1—dropsey in the chest 1—fits 4 sudden 1—drowned 2—mortification 1—cramp in the stomach 1—hives 1—whooping cough 1.

Of whom 17 were adults, and 7 children.

(From Scotland.)

On Easter-Sunday; the chapel of Roscommon being unusually crowded, one of the pillars supporting the gallery gave way. Fourteen persons were killed at the moment and above double the number so much injured that little hopes were had of their recovery.

At the Downpatrick Lent assizes, a person of the name of Thomas Paterson a degraded clergyman, was sentenced to death, for having celebrated a marriage in November last.

HUMAN SACRIFICE

On the 2d of March, 1803, two women were burnt with the dead bodies of their husbands, near Serampoor; some of the missionaries that were eye witnesses to this cruel ceremony, assert that one of the women struggled hard to get out, but was prevented by the Brahmins who attended, and heaped up more faggots upon them.—The children of the unhappy women appeared in great distress, and the eldest, a lad about 18, who, according to custom, set fire to the pile, was carried off on the shoulders of two young men in a state of inexpressible agony.

COW POX.

Since this invaluable discovery, no fewer than two thousand one hundred and ninety children have previous to the first inst. been inoculated at the Public Dispensary of Edinburgh, with vaccine matter, without any expense to the parents, either for operation, attendance, or medicines. All these children have gone through the disease with perfect safety and ease; and although many of them have, since their inoculation, been repeatedly exposed to the contagion of natural small pox, yet not one of them has been subjected to that loathsome disease, and many of them would have died if they had taken the small-pox, besides propagating that terrible disease.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

A loaded pistol was fired inadvertently against a young woman, in Manchester; the ball struck against her breast but having a silk handkerchief on it, did her no other injury than producing a violent contusion. This produced the following wager: that a ball would not penetrate a dog, if covered with a silk handkerchief. The trial was made along shore, near Liverpool, a few days ago with success, and although repeated several times, produced no other effect than bruising that part where the ball hit. Singular as this may appear, we are assured by our informant, that it is a fact, and that no ball will penetrate a body clothed with a silk garment.



Married.

On Monday evening, the 11th inst. Mr. Henry Prescott, to Mrs. Clarissa Birdsall, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 14th inst. Mr. John Fleming, to Miss Ellen Becker, 3d daughter of Colonel Walter Becker, all of this city.

On Sunday, the 10th inst. Mr. George James, to Miss Keziah Loring, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 14th inst. Mr. Peter Chalmers, a native of Scotland, to Miss Sarah Anderson, late of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. William Pratman, to Mrs. Susannah Chapman, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. John Perry, of this city, to Miss Nancy Stagg, of New-Jersey.

On Saturday evening, May 19, Mr. George Nichols, of this city, to Miss Eunice Joyce, of Danbury, [Con.]



Died,

On Thursday morning after a long and painful illness, Mr. George Knox, of this city.

On Thursday evening 14th inst. Mr. Thomas Lawrence, merchant, of this city.

At Lebanon, (N. J.) in consequence of running the tongue of a buckle into his hand six months before, Capt. Christian Johnston.

TO THE LADIES

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lilly Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Eu-

rope and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lilly Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of the incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

Price One Dollar.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

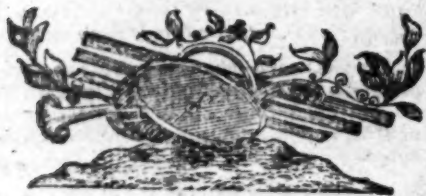
Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 19, Dry-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

ANTHONY LA TOUR'S
Register and Intelligence
OFFICE

Has removed from No. 20, Broad-Street, to No. 29 Chatham-Roe, Second Door above the Theatre; where families or single gentlemen upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; Merchants with Clerks, Mechanics with journeymen; —Also, Servants, Apprentices, Journeyman, Mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places—such as,

Clerks,	Laborers, &c.
Apprentices,	House-keepers,
Farmers,	Wet Nurses,
Gardeners,	Dry Nurses,
Couchmen,	Seamstresses,
Footmen,	Chamber-Maids,
Cooks and on board	Women cooks, &c.
Stewards & Vessels,	



From the Anti Democrat.

THE BEGGAR.

AH! curse me not—no crumb of bread,
Has past these lips since yesternorn.
No shelter for this aching head,
Have I, abandon'd and forlorn.

"Dark is the night and cold the blast,
With misery am I doom'd to roam;
All hopeless on the wide world cast,
Without one friend; without a home.

"Yet, though by every ill oppress'd:
Though pining want assail my life.
A home I had; I once was blest;
A mother lov'd; a happy wife.

"Think not dear Sir, it is my aim
A cunning studied lie to raise,
Like beggars bold who daily claim
The mite which passing pity pays.

"My husband kept a little shop;
And well his honesty was known,
Of credit this the surest prop,
His name would pass through all the town.

"No comforts to his wife deny'd
A tender husband could afford,
Each prudent wish was gratify'd,
Peace smil'd, and plenty deck'd the board.

"Why could not this good fortune last!
Sure heaven intended me for woe,
Did I unthinking live too fast
For one so humbly plac'd? Ah, no!

"Indeed dear Sir I'm not to blame,
The man who long had been my pride
Grew idle, gam'd and lost to shame
The victim of intemperance died.

"Our few remaining goods were kept
For house rent, due a year and more.
We were turn'd out. Ah! how I wept
As slow I turn'd me from the door,

"Though now of husband, home, bereft,
Yet, I could make a living sure;
This comfort to my heart was left,
I still might work, however poor

"Buoy'd up by hope, a little hut
I took at twenty pounds a year:
My daughter to a school I put;
'Twas not far off, nor was it dear.

"The sweet child was just turn'd of ten,
From her alone my pleasures rose;
And she was useful too; for when
I wash'd, she carried home the cloths.

"Her beauty ripen'd with her years,
A lovelier girl was never seen,
And now, an anxious parent's fears
Increas'd with blooming, fresh fifteen.

"Those fears alas! were too, too just,
From a fond mother's bosom torn,
She's now to vice and scorn reduc'd,
Would she had died, or ne'er been born!

"A villain to Seduction train'd,
With speech so soft, and meins so mild,
By flattery and love well feign'd
Ruin'd my unsuspecting child.

"With me no longer would she rest,
I strove my spirits to sustain,
I labor'd on, and did my best
A slender livelihood to gain.

"Two months past, with her paramour
I saw her in a gig, quite nigh;
Though finely drest, she charm'd no more,
Wan was her cheek, and sunk her eye.

"I hurried home; the blow so rude
I fainted, and all thought me dead;
A burning fever thence ensu'd
Which six weeks kept me to my bed.

"Confin'd, by illness so severe
And long, my little money went,
Doctors and nurses both were dear;
And I was in arrears for rent.

"When of the fever I was quit
I sold some clothes to buy me meat,
Dejected, weak, for work unfit,
I begg'd my landlord out to wait.

"He would not. Yesterday he came;
With cruel taunts he bade me, "walk!"—
Myself I wept, but more the shame
An only child—how wild I talk.—

"I had one boy, and dear was he,
But by a roving passion led,
He left us all and went to sea,
He's gone so long he must be dead.

"A sailor by yon lamp's faint gleam
I see you are; alas! like you
In garb and manner did he seem
When fond he breath'd his last adieu.

"With all a hapless mother's grief
Seven tedious years the lad I mourn;
My darling cannot bring relief—
No; never shall my George return!"

"Your George!" The stranger fault'ring cried,
"My name is George"—"George what?"—
"George Rose!"—

Around her sinking at his side
His rugged arms he widely throws.
Loud scream'd the wretch, "O God! my boy!"
That woe worn heart's sad beat is o'er,
So long unfelt the touch of joy,
It shiver'd; heav'd; and burst—no more.

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London,
at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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